

How Will I Ever Find My Way Home?

British Sea Power

I'm leaving here getting out of this place
Leaving here getting out of this place
Only certain kinds of people can take these things
Get up in the morning I'm paying my bills
Watching a storm cloud form over the hills
It appears I was waiting for my old self
I don't know what I'm made of or where from I came
Don't even seem to remember my name
Or why the ghost's alive in this cave
They say, she's on the run
It's over, it's over, it's over, it's over
And thought then can turn action
And I dig and I dig and I dig and I dig
'Til my head is so sick and so clear
I'm leaving here getting out of this place
Leaving here getting out of this place
Only certain kinds of people can take these things
I'm tired and lost and feeling blown
Running around in a field, just out of my skull
How will I ever find my way home?
Get up in the morning I'm paying my bills
Watching a storm cloud form over the hills
It appears I was talking to my own self
They say she's on the run
It's over, it's over, it's over, it's over
Then thought turns into action
And I dig, and I dig, and I dig, and I dig
'Til my head is so sick and so clear
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